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MR DE VOLTAIRE.

Les arrivées dans la Tour de la
GENÈVE, en Mars, 1755.

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Mr. DE VOLTAIRE

Price One Shilling

ALBON DRESSE

Chez J. DODRIVE, dans la Malle

E P I T R E

E P I T R E

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K. Aron

Mr. D E V O L T A I R E,

En arrivant dans la Terre près du Lac de
GENEVE, en Mars, 1755.



A LONDRES:

Chez R. & J. DODSLEY dans Pall-Mall. 1755.

E P I S T L E
O F
T H E
Mr. DE VOLTAIRE,

Upon his Arrival at his Estate near the Lake of
GENEVA, in March, 1755.

From the **FRENCH.**



L O N D O N.

Printed for R. and J. DODSLBY, in Pall-Mall. 1755.

~~EPITRE~~

E P I T R E

DE

Mr. D E V O L T A I R E.

From the FRENCH.

O MAISON d'Aristippe, ô jardins d'Epicure,
Vous qui me présentez dans vos enclos divers,

Ce qui souvent manque à mes vers,
Le mérite de l'art soutins à la nature.

Empire de Pomone, & de Flore la sœur,

Recevez votre possesseur;

Qu'il soit ainsi que vous solitaire & tranquille.

Je ne me vante point d'avoir en cet azile

Rencontré le parfait bonheur.

Printed for R. and J. DODDERS, in Pall-Mall.

EPISTLE

OF

Mr. DEVOLTAIRE

O TAKE, O keep me, ever blest Domain
 Where lovely Flora with Pomona reigns;
 Where Art fulfills what Nature's Voice requires,
 And gives the Charms to which my Verse aspires;
 Take me, the World with Transport I resign,
 And let your peaceful Solitude be mine.

Il n'est point retiré dans le fonds d'un bocage ;

Il est encor moins chez les Rois ;

Il n'est pas même chez le sage :

De cette courte vie il n'est point le partage ;

Il faut y renoncer ; mais on peut quelquefois

Embrasser au moins son image.

O

Que tout plait en ces lieux à mes sens étonnés !

D'un tranquille Océan * l'eau pure & transparente

Baigne les bords fleuris de ces champs fortunez ;

D'innombrables côtes ces champs sont couronnez ;

Bacchus les embellit : leur insensible pente

Vous conduit par degrés à ces monts sourcilleux †

Qui pressent les enfers, & qui fendent les cieux.

* Le Lac de Genève.

† Les Alpes.

Yet not in these Retreats I boast to find
That perfect Bliss that leaves no Wish behind;
This, to no lonely Shade kind Nature brings,
Nor Art bestows on Courtiers, or on Kings;
Not ev'n the Sage this Boon has e'er possess'd,
Tho' join'd with Wisdom, Virtue shared his Breast;
This transient Life, alas! can ne'er suffice
To reach the distant Goal, and snatch the Prize;
Yet, sooth'd to Rest, we feel Suspence from Woe,
And tho' not perfect Joy, yet Joy we know.

Enchanting Scenes! what Pleasure you dispence
Where e'er I turn, to ev'ry wond'ring Sense!
An Ocean here, where no rude Tempest roars,
With crystal Waters laves the hallow'd Shores;
Here flow'ry Fields with rising Hills are crown'd,
Where clust'ring Vines empurple all the Ground;
Now by Degrees from Hills to Alps they rise,
Hell groans beneath, above they pierce the Skies!

Le voilà ce théâtre & de neige & de gloire,

Eternel boulevard qui n'a point garenti

Des Lombards le beau territoire.

Voilà ces monts affreux, célébrés dans l'histoire,

Ces monts qu'ont traversé, par un vol si hardi,

Les Charles, les Otons, Catinat, & Conti,

Sur les ailes de la victoire.

Au bord de cette mer où s'égarent mes yeux,

Ripaille je te vois : O bizarre Amedée†

† Le premier Duc de Savoye Amedée, Pape ou Anti-Pape sous le nom de Felix.

See the proud Summit, white with endless Frost,
 Eternal Bulwark of the blissful Coast!
 The blissful Coast the hardly Lombard gain,
 And Frost and Mountains cross their Course in vain;
 Here Glory beckon'd mighty Chiefs of old,
 And planted Laurels to reward the bold;
 Charles, Otho, Conti heard her Trumpet sound,
 And, borne on Vict'ry's Wings, they spurn'd the Mound.

See, on those Banks where yon calm Waters swell,
 The hair-clad Epicure's luxurious Cell!
 See famed *Ripaille*, where once so grave, so gay,
 Great AMEDEUS * pass'd from Pray'r to Play:

* Amedeus, surnamed the *Pacific*, erected Savoy into a Duchy in 1416, and in 1434 left the Care of Government to his Children, and retired to the Priory of *Ripaille* on the Borders of the Lake of Geneva, where he received the Order of Saint Maurice: in this Solitude he affected to live like an Hermit, and suffered his Beard to grow to an enormous length; but it is said that he kept a Mistress in his Cell, and it is certain that in other Respects his Life was so luxurious that *Faire Ripaille* became a proverbial expression in French for making merry, and *having good cheer*: while he lived in this voluptuous Retirement, he joined with a Faction against Pope Eugenius IV. and being elected to the See of Rome, he was crowned Pope by the Name of Felix V. He continued to be Anti-pope during the life of Eugenius, but soon after his Death resigned his Pretensions to the pontifical Chair, and restored Peace to the Church at the Request of Charles VII. King of France.

De quel caprice ambitieux

Ton ame fut possédée ?

Duc, hermite, & voluptueux

Ah pourquoi t'échaper de la douce carrière ?

Comment as-tu quitté ces bords délicieux,

Ta cellule, & ton vin, ta maîtresse, & te jeux

Pour aller disputer la barque de Saint Pierre,

Dieux sacrés du repos je n'en ferais pas tant,

Et malgré les deux clefs dont la vertu nous frappe,

Si j'étais ainsi penitent

Je ne voudrais point être Pape.

Que le chancre flatteur du tiran des Romains,

L'auteur harmonieux des douces géorgiques,

Ne vante plus ces lacs & leurs bords magnifiques,

Ces lacs que la nature a creusés de sa main

Dans les campagnes Italiques.

Mon Lac est le premier. C'est sur ces bords heureux

Qu'habite des humains la Déesse éternelle,

Fantastic Wretch! thou Riddle of thy Kind!
 What strange Ambition seized thy frantic Mind?
 Prince, Hermit, Lover! blest through ev'ry Hour
 With blissful Change of Pleasure and of Pow'r,
 Couldst thou, thus paradis'd, from Care remote,
 Rush to the World, and fight for Peter's Boat?
 Now by the Gods of sweet Repose I swear
 I would not thus have barter'd Ease for Care,
 Spight of the Keys that move our Fear and Hope!
 I ne'er would quit such Penance to be Pope.

Let him who Rome's stern Tyrant stoop'd to praise
 The tuneful Chaunter of sweet georgic Lays,
 Let Maro boast of Streams that Nature pours
 To lave proud Villas on Italia's Shores;
 Superior far the Streams that court my Song,
 Superior far the Shores they wind along:
 Blest Shores! the Dwelling of that sacred Pow'r
 Who rules each joyful, and each glorious Hour,

L'ame des grands travaux, l'objet des nobles vœux,
 Que tout mortel embrasse, où desir, où rapelle,
 Qui vit dans tous les cœurs, & dont le nom sacré
 Dans les cours des Tîrans est tout bas adoré,
 La Liberté. J'ai vu cette Déesse altière,
 Avec égalité répandant tous les biens,
 Descendre de Morat en habite de guerrière,
 Les mains teintes du sang des fiers Autrichiens,
 Et de Charles le téméraire.

Devant elle on portait ces piques & ces dards,
 On trainait ces canons, ces échelles fatales
 Qu'elle même brisa, quand ses mains triomphales
 De Genève en danger déffendaient les remparts.

Queen of whate'er the Good or Great desire,
 The Patriot's Eloquence, the Hero's Fire,
 Shrin'd in each Breast, and near the Tyrant's Sword
 Invok'd in Whispers, and in Sighs adored,
 Immortal Liberty, whose gen'rous Mind
 With all her Gifts would bless all human-kind!
 See, from *Morat* † she comes in martial Charms
 And shines like Pallas in celestial Arms,
 Her Sword the Blood of boastful Austria stains
 And *Charles*, who threaten'd with opprobrious Chains
 Now hostile Crowds Geneva's Tow'rs assail,
 They march in secret, and by Night they scale;
 The Goddess comes --- they vanish from the Wall,
 Their Launces shiver, and their Heroes fall,
 For Fraud can ne'er elude, nor Force withstand
 The Stroke of Liberty's victorious Hand.

† *Morat* is a little Town in the Canton of Fribourg in Switzerland, famous for a Battle which the Switzers gained against *Charles the 1st* Duke of Burgundy, by which they recovered and established their Liberty. *Charles* himself was wounded, and left 18,000 Austrians dead on the Spot.

• The Duke of Savoy once attempted to surprize Geneva, and take it in the night by Escalade, but the first Man that mounted the Wall was discovered by a Woman, who courageously knocked him down, and alarmed the Genevoise, who drove off the Assailants, and sallying after them made a great Slaughter.

Un Peuple entier la fuit : sa naïve allégresse
 Fait à tout l'Appenin répéter ses clameurs ;
 Leurs fronts sont couronnés de ces fleurs que la Grèce
 Aux champs de Maraton prodiguait aux vainqueurs.
 C'est là leur Diadème ; ils en font plus de compte
 Que d'un cercle à fleurons de Marquis & de Comte,
 Et des larges Mortiers à grands bords abattus,
 Et de ces Mitres d'or aux deux sommets pointus.
 On ne voit point ici la grandeur insultante
 Portant de l'épaule au côté
 Un ruban que la vanité
 A tissé de sa main brillante :
 Ni la fortune insolente
 Repoussant avec fierté
 La prière humble & tremblante
 De la triste pauvreté.
 On n'y méprise point les travaux nécessaires :
 Les états sont égaux, & les hommes sont frères.

Liberté,

She smiles; her Smiles perpetual Joys diffuse;
 A shouting Nation where she turns pursues;
 Their heart-felt Pæans thunder to the Sky,
 And echoing Appenines from far reply:
 Such Wreaths their Temples crown as Greece intwin'd
 Her Hero's Brows at *Marathon** to bind;
 Such Wreaths the Sons of Freedom hold more dear
 Than circling Gold and Gems that crown the Peer,
 Than the broad Hat which shades the Pontif's Face,
 Or the cleft Mitre's venerable Grace.
 Insulting Grandeur, in gay Tinsel drest,
 Shews here no Star embroider'd on the Breast,
 No tissu'd Ribbon on the Shoulder tied,
 Vain Gift implor'd by Vanity from Pride!
 Nor here stern Wealth with supercilious Eyes
 The salt'ring Pray'r of weeping Want denies;
 Here no false Pride at honest Labour sneers,
 Men here are Brothers, equal but in Years;

† At Marathon Miltiades with 10,000 Athenians defeated an Army of more
 than 100,000 Persians, and delivered his Country from a foreign Yoke.

Liberté, liberté, ton trône est en ces lieux.

Rome depuis Brutus ne t'a jamais revue.

Chez vingt peuples polis à-peine es-tu connue.

Le Sarmate à cheval t'embrasse avec fureur ;

Mais le bourgeois à pied rempant dans l'esclavage,

Te regarde, soupire, & meurt dans la douleur.

L'Anglais pour te garder signala son courage ;

Mais on prétend qu'à Londres on te vend quelquefois.

Non, je ne le crois point ; ce peuple fier & sage

Te paie de son sang, & soutiendra tes droits.

Aux marais du Batave on dit que tu chancelles ;

Here Heav'n, O Liberty, has fix'd thy Throne,
Fill'd, glorious Liberty! by thee alone.

Rome sees thy Face, since Brutus fell, no more,
A Stranger thou on many a cultur'd Shore;
The Polish Lord, of thy Embraces vain,
Pricks his proud Courser o'er Sarmatia's Plain;
Erects his haughty Front in martial Pride,
And spurns the Burgher, grov'ling at his Side;
The grov'ling Burgher burns with secret Fires,
Looks up, beholds thee, sighs, despairs, expires.

Britain's rough Sons in thy Defence are bold,
Yet some pretend at London thou art sold,
I heed them not, to sell too proud, too wise,
If Blood must buy, with Blood the Briton buys.

On Belgic Bogs, 'tis said, thy Footsteps fail,
But thou secure may'st scorn the whisper'd Tale;

Tu peux te rassurer : la race des Nassaux,
 Qui dressa sept autels * à tes loix immortelles,
 Maintiendra de ses mains fidèles,
 Et tes honneurs & tes faisceaux.
 Venise te conserve, & Genes t'a reprise.
 Tout à côté du trône à Stockholm on t'a mise.
 Un si beau voisinage est souvent dangereux.
 Préside à tout état où la loi t'autorise,
 Et restes y, si tu le peux.
 Ne va plus sous les noms & de *Ligue* & de *Fronde*,
 Protectrice funeste, en nouveautés féconde,
 Troubler les jours brillants d'un Peuple de vainqueurs,
 Gouverné par les loix, plus encor par les mœurs :
 Il chérit la grandeur Suprême,
 Qu'a-t-il besoin de tes faveurs,
 Quand son joug est si doux qu'on le prend pour toi-même ?

* L'union des Sept Provinces.

Quand

To latest Times the Race of great Nassau
 Who rais'd sev'n Altars || to thy sacred Law
 With faithful Hand thy Honours shall defend,
 And bid proud Factions to thy Fasces bend.

Thee Venice keeps, thee Genoa now regains;
 And next the Throne thy Seat the Swede maintains;
 How few in Safety thus with Kings can vie!
 If not supreme, how dang'rous to be high!
 O! still preside where'er the Law's thy Friend,
 And keep thy Station, and thy Rights defend;
 But take no factious *League's* * reproachful Name,
 Still prone to change, and zealous still to blame,
 Cloud not the Sunshine of a conqu'ring Race,
 Whom Wisdom governs, and whom Manners grace;
 Fond of their Sov'reign, of Subjection vain,
 They wish no Favours at thy Hands to gain,
 Nor need such Vassals at their Lord repine
 Whose easy Sway they fondly take for thine.

|| The Union of the Seven Provinces.

* The Author alludes to the famous League formed against Henry of France.

Dans le vaste orient ton fort n'est pas si beau.
 Aux murs de Constantin tremblante, consternée,
 Sous les pieds d'un Visir tu languis enchaînée,
 Entre le sabre & le cordeau.
 Chez tous les Levantins tu perdis ton chapeau.
 Que celui du grand Tell * orne en ces lieux ta tête.

* L'Auteur de la liberté Helvétique.

Thro' the wide East less gentle is thy Fate,
 Where the dumb Murderer guards the Sultan's Gate;
 Here pale and trembling, in the Dust o'erturn'd,
 With Chains dishonour'd, and by Eunuchs spurn'd,
 The Sword and Bow-string plac'd on either Side
 Thou mourn'st, while Slaves of Life and Death decide
 Spoil'd of thy Cap thro' all the bright Levant
 Tell † gave thee his, and well supplied the Want.

O!

† *William Tell* was one of the Conspirators against the Tyrant Griser, who governed Switzerland for the Emperor Albert; Griser had set up a Cap on a Pike in one of the publick Squares of Altorf, and commanded by Proclamation that all who passed it should, as a Token of Obedience to his Government, pull off their Hats: *Tell* having passed it several Times without making his Obedience was carried before the Governor, who condemned him to shoot an Apple from the Head of one of his Children at a considerable distance with an Arrow; *Tell* at first refused, and declared that he would rather suffer Death, than run the Risque of killing his Child with his own Hand; but Griser threatening Death both to him and the Child, *Tell* complied, and had the good fortune to succeed: Griser however, who perceived that *Tell* had concealed another Arrow under his Garment, asked what that was for? *Tell* at first evaded the Question, but being promised his Life if he would confess the Truth, he fixed his Eyes stedfastly upon the Governor, and drawing out the Arrow, "This, said he, if I had killed my Child with the first, should have killed thee." Griser was struck with a Sense of his Danger, and turned pale; but not thinking it expedient to break his Promise, nor daring to set *Tell* at liberty, he ordered him to be bound Hand and Foot, and, with his Bow and Arrow, as Memorials of his Offence, put on board a Bark, in which he was himself going a Voyage on the Lake Urie, intending to leave him Prisoner in the Castle of Cusnach. But it happened that when the Vessel had reached the Middle of the Lake, a violent Storm arose, and the People on board told

Griser,

Déscends dans mes foyers en tes beaux jours de fête;

Viens m'y faire un destin nouveau.

Embellis ma retraite où l'amitié t'appelle:

Sur de simples gazons viens t'asseoir avec elle:

Elle fuit comme toi les vanités des cours,

Les cabales du monde & son règne frivole.

Q mes Divinitez vous êtes mon recours,

L'une élève mon ame & l'autre la console,

Présidez à mes derniers jours!

O! come my Goddess, in thy chosen Hour,
 And let my better Fortune hail thy Pow'r;
 Fair Friendship calls thee to my green Retreat,
 O! come, with Friendship share the mossy Seat;
 Like thee she flies the turbulent and great,
 The Craft of Business, and the Farce of State;
 To you, propitious Pow'rs, at last I turn,
 To you, my Vows ascend, my Altars burn;
 Let me of each the pleasing Influence share,
 My Joys now heighten'd, and now sooth'd my Care;
 Each ruder Passion banish'd from my Breast
 Bid the short Remnant of my Days be blest.

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Grisser, that they had no other Chance to preserve their Lives than to unbind the Prisoner, who was not only a most skilful Sailor, but remarkable for his Strength and Activity: Grisser yielded to their Importunity, and Tell was unbound, who immediately ran to the Helm and turned the Head of the Vessel towards Switzerland. The first Land that he made was a Rock, which is still called Tell's Rock, and as soon as he came within a few Yards of it, he seized his Bow and Arrow, and leaping suddenly on Shore, pushed the Boat off again with all his Force; this gave him Time to get out of sight among the Cliffs before those whom he had left on board could recover the Shore, and hiding himself in a narrow Defile, which he knew Grisser must pass, he killed him with his Arrow as he went by; then halting by secret Ways to his Confederates, he told their Chief what he had done: upon this they appeared publicly in Arms, and renounced Albert's Authority; Albert was slain in his March to reduce the Revolters, and Henry the VIIIth his Successor refused to them their Liberty and Independance.

The E N D.

Oh come my Goddely, in thy chosen Hour,
And let my better Fortune hail thy Pow'r;
Fair Friendship calls thee to my green Retreat,
Oh come, with Friendship share the molly Seat;
Like thee the times the sunniest and the best,
The Gift of Riches, and the Favour of State;
To you, propitious Pow'r, at last I turn,
To you, my Vow, my Honour, and my Morn;
I turn of each the pleasing Influence here,
My joys now brighten'd, and now loosed my Care;
Each joy, each Passion, each my Pow'r I love,
But the more Remnant of my Days I love.

Oh, that I could but see the end of this
And that I could but see the end of this
And that I could but see the end of this
And that I could but see the end of this
And that I could but see the end of this
And that I could but see the end of this
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